The Wellesley Magazine.

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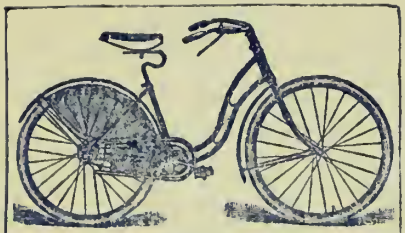

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AN INTERPRETATIVE STUDY OF "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

IN poetry, as in every art, each masterpiece embodies some deep and fundamental truth. While it is the very nature of poetic genius to clothe itself in artistic forms, yet beauty of form without depth of significance is never the creation of a true poet.

The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" lays undisputed claim to the rank of a masterpiece. Coleridge's literary career, though as brief and incomplete as it was brilliant, produced in this poem a work of almost supernatural power. Such power cannot lie in the dramatic action alone, strong and free though it is, nor in the startling vividness of description, nor in the marvellous perfection and harmony of the verse. Underlying the allegorical narration is a deeper meaning, which is the animating essence of its power.

and which is worth earnest effort to interpret. The Mariner's tale is a bit of soul-history, dealing with the gravest problems of humanity, sin, suffering, death, salvation.

The setting of the poem forms an impressive background by contrast: — The wedding guest, about to enter the marriage feast, is unwillingly detained and spellbound by the glittering eye of the seaman; he is constrained to listen to a solemn tale, while the merry din of the banquet greets his ears.

The Mariner tells of a memorable sea-voyage; how his ship stood gallantly out to sea and southward through the tropics, till a tremendous storm carried it away into the southern regions of ice. Into this dreary, lifeless region an albatross comes, and with its coming occurs the splitting of the ice by which the helpless ship is released. The superstitious mariners attribute their good luck to the coming of the bird, and enjoy its companionship as a bird of good omen, as they safely steer northward, until one day the Mariner kills it with his cross-bow. For a time after his act all goes well, but suddenly the breeze drops and the ship lies becalmed. During the hideous drought and plague which follow, his suffering and dying companions fix their eyes in speechless hatred upon the Mariner, about whose neck they have hung the albatross, for they believe that a vengeful spirit is following them because of his transgression. At length he sees the approach of a horrible skeleton-vessel, bearing two figures, Death and Life-in-Death, playing dice for the ship's crew. The crew one by one fall lifeless, leaving the Mariner

> "Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea."

Amid this scene of death and corruption, his heart is for a time full of bitterness and despair. At length a happy change takes place within him, when even the slimy creatures about the vessel appear beautiful to him and he blesses them. With the spoken blessing the albatross falls from his neck, refreshing rain comes, the wind rises, the ship moves and speeds onward, until the Mariner finds himself calmly drifting into his own harbor once more.

Throughout the tale the wind is a pervasive and important element. It has often been chosen as a fitting emblem of life by its extreme variety of aspect, by its invisible yet unmistakable power, and by its likeness to the

breath we draw. It will be interesting to follow this symbolism as a guiding thread, as we study the meaning of the poem in detail.

The Mariner's recital opens with the commencement of the voyage under a gentle wind and bright sunshine. Here is a typical description of pure and mirthful childhood, innocent because untried, buoyant and happy through ignorance of hardship.

"Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left;
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea."

These stanzas contain no mention of the favoring breeze, and in this they further suggest the careless unconsciousness of early youth. One is already well started on life's voyage before he begins to observe or question the forces that are speeding him onward. But a rude awakening soon comes to the young soul with a shock that tries his utmost strength. The description of the storm strikingly typifies the experience of an undisciplined and passionate youth when overtaken for the first time by a great trial or sorrow.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck us with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head;
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled."

The "mist and snow" into which the blast drives the ship symbolize the intellectual doubt and spiritual suspense through which many an earnest soul passes. There is a time when the world goes "wondrous cold"; when the gigantic forces of nature seem so stern and impenetrable, and the tendencies of the world seem so hopelessly in the direction of inevitable misery and sin, that materialism and fatalism fasten upon the soul with an icy

clutch, arresting its progress even as the icebergs bind the ship in their embrace. What the soul craves, at such a time, is a token of a divine love as present and overruling amid all this dreariness. Such a token is typified by the coming of the albatross.

"Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."

God's love sends cheer and relief to men's hearts by calling forth the exercise of their own out-going sympathy and love. In the giving the blessing comes. While the mariners welcomed and fed the bird,

"The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through!"

Much cheer and pleasant fellowship are suggested by the next lines:

"And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play
Came to the Mariner's hollo!"

The coming of the south wind expresses an awakening of life such as love always brings. But it is not here such an awakening as transforms the life. It is rather that warmth and sunshine of happiness which is itself a severer test of character than the storm-blast of affliction or the facing of stern life-problems. Prosperity and delight too often cause one to forget whence they flow, and to indulge in careless selfishness as if everything were centering in one's self. This is the unguarded time of temptation and sin. How the heinousness of the Mariner's act is brought out as an anti-climax, rendered yet more startling by the ejaculation of the listener: —

"'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?' —With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

In the first canto of the poem we have traced a life through its testing times and its wilful sinning against the divine love. The next two cantos depict the consequences of the action in vivid colors. At first, life appears to go on nearly as before;

"The good south wind still blew behind,"

though

"no sweet bird did follow."

His comrades, like a stricken conscience, upbraid the Mariner, and predict evil results.

"Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow."

But when the sun rises more clear than before, these monitors condone the crime, just as a troubled conscience becomes easy and hardened under apparent prosperity.

"'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'"

The sudden transition in the next two stanzas, from the fair breeze to the dead calm, forcibly signifies how closely the supreme elation that comes from seeming triumph in wrong doing is followed by the horror of death in the soul.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free";

when suddenly

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be";

Nothing could more vividly portray the silent mockery and the vile corruption of death, the natural outcome of sin, than this description of a becalmed sea: "the hot and copper sky," "the bloody sun,"

"No bigger than the moon";

and the "silence of the sea," where the Mariner relates,

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.
The very deep did rot; O, Christ,
That this should ever be!"

Notice that the ending of each canto has for its burden the shooting of the albatross. The first one closes with the sinful act. The second ends with the remorse of the guilty one.

"Ah! well a day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!

Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

The mysterious horror of the spectre-bark with its ghastly crew, described in the third canto, almost baffles an attempt at interpretation. It represents the profound suspense of a soul hanging in the balance between spiritual life and death. The slow, breathless inevitableness of the approach of the phantom ship, while one can almost hear the heart-beats of the helpless waiting crew; the game of dice between Death and Life-in-Death, as if soul-destiny were a thing of chance; the death of the Mariner's comrades; all these, while they take so strong a hold upon the imagination, render the reader as mute as the Mariner represents himself to be.

It is a relief to pass on to the fourth canto, for it finds the soul of the Mariner keenly alive, though that life is first evinced by suffering. It marks a wonderful transition from the agony of remorse to the tenderness and joy of love in the heart.

"I closed my lids and kept them closed,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet."

Here is only the helplessness of remorse. But as in the soft light of the moon the Mariner watches the water-elfs which had appeared so hideous to him under the copper sky, he feels the spirit of love springing up within him, making even these creatures seem beautiful to him.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare!
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware."

The entrance of the divine life into a soul is sure to reveal itself in a universal love for God's creatures. Notice the unconsciousness of effort implied in the word "unaware." That love which is salvation springs up in the heart as a free and spontaneous gift from its divine source, when the heart has given it access. It is then that the soul can pray, and the load of guilt falls off. This is beautifully expressed by the closing stanzas of the canto, where the albatross is again mentioned, but this time with a note of joy.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

The gentle, refreshing rain and the rising wind, as described in the opening of the fifth canto, are exceedingly suggestive of the awakening spiritual life, and the penitence which unfailingly accompanies that awakening. One can feel in the purifying and renewing elements of outward nature, a perfect type of those which produce a like change within. The following lines most beautifully express this: —

"The coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud:
The moon was at its edge."

The little touch of the moonbeam is very real; it is like the calm sweetness of forgiveness that is unfailingly felt, shining through the tears of repentance.

Now listen to the sweet harmony of this hidden, mysterious life: —

"Still the sails made on . . .
A voice like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

It illustrates the childlikeness of the new life, recalling scenes of the earliest years. For it had been a long time since the Mariner had wandered through the "sleeping woods." To him, in this new ecstacy of living, the air seems full of glad music; sometimes he hears the skylark sing,

"Sometimes all little birds that are."

"And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."

We must notice, at this stage in the poem, the transition from the "roaring wind" to the gentle sailing of the vessel without a breeze.

"We quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath."

The meaning of this change is suggested by the hint contained in the last

line quoted, of a power both unseen and unheard. It is referred to more clearly in the next stanza: —

"Nine fathom deep, . . .
The spirit slid, and it was he
That made the ship to go."

The description suggests the unsearchableness, the deep mysteriousness of God's omnipresence. Invisible, unfathomable, he is past finding out. His power and love alone are felt. The wind is only the symbol of His power. The life that is hidden with God lives on quietly without need of any outward manifestation of its source, just as the ship is borne onward by this invisible spirit of the sea. Yet even to a soul thus relying upon God, comes many a testing time before his life-discipline is over. He is liable to undergo such a desperate encounter with his old enemy, sin, in some form or other, as is graphically symbolized by the sudden stopping of the ship at mid-day.

"The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a moment she 'gan stir,
With a short, uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short, uneasy motion."

Nothing could better describe the struggle of a wavering soul. The "sudden bound" forward is like the leap that faith makes toward the Infinite Strength. Nor is the soul yet utterly free from pain and regret. Once more in the calm night-watch, the Mariner is forced to face the consequences of his sin.

"'Twas night, calm night; the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray."

Yet, "The spell was snapped." The pain and fear are but deep shadows to render more joyous the blessed reality to come.

"Soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made."

Sweeter than a mother's smile or kiss is the caress one feels in the stanza: —

" It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming."

Precious is the home-coming of the homesick soul; and 'tis possible only through the death of the divine, inspired in the inmost being.

" Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too.
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze,
On me alone it blew."

" Oh! dream of joy! . . .
Is this mine own countree?" . . .

" Oh, let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway."

Perhaps the complete entrance into the Spiritual will be the awakening from a present which is in comparison but a dream. Sure it is that, whether dream or not, the human soul must pass through this in order to learn that life is love, and love is life.

CHARLOTTE E. CHESTER, '93.

AT SEA.

So many eves the sun must sink within
The westward plain of shoreless, homeless sea;
So many morns, as if from heaven to heaven,
From out the widening water in the east
The sun must rise; so many summer days
Full in the face of the unveilèd sky,
The ship must float, till even the strongest gull,
Deserting, wheels to track a land-bound sail.
So many days! Yet there shall come a day —
Some golden holy August afternoon —
When, tired of sea at eve and sea at morn,
The sun shall droop like a contented child,
And sleep among the cradling hills of home.

ELLEN BURROUGHS.

THE NEW YORK COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

SETTLEMENT life may have as many and as varied interpretations as it has workers, who have entered into it. For each individual it has a new revelation; each worker must discover for herself the best methods and avenues for her activity, must find her own level of usefulness, and out of the abundance of her experiences must evolve for herself the principles that seemingly underlie the work. Beyond this there are no fixed methods, no unvarying principles; it is the work of personality upon personality, and as such is myriad-sided and without restrictions. More truly than in any other line of activity, does the power and influence of a settlement depend upon the power and influence of the individual residents; and since the workers of a settlement are subject to such constant change, this is a consideration that must never be lost sight of, in estimating the possibilities of the work. It is a work that belongs to the solitudes of life, and has no affinity or fitness for press or platform, for in talking or writing of its methods of reaching the neighborhood, its chosen lines of activity, one is touching merely on external things, the outer garment of a settlement, underneath is always the pulsing, ardent life, the spirit of the movement, which is often so individual, so private, so intertwined with personal sorrows and joys, that any public record that is to go beyond external things grows impossible. It is truly a work that can be comprehended from the inside alone, and often, then, only as through a glass darkly.

Each new settlement, as it is founded, must meet and solve the problems that present themselves in its own locality; each one must evolve its own methods of surmounting the difficulties and gaining a hold upon the life of the neighborhood. Hence the lines of activity may differ largely under different conditions, and there is often little room for questioning what is the best or strongest thing to do, but only what is the possible thing.

The neighborhood of the Rivington Street Settlement is a difficult one to deal with, and each year bids fair to increase its difficulties. When the settlement was established, there was a large element of Germans in the surrounding population, but during the last few years these have been in great part driven out before the influx of Russian and Polish Jews. The

Jew, crushed by long oppression, rendered suspicious and grasping by a well-nigh fruitless struggle for existence, with little comprehension of the institutions and doctrines of a free land, is capable of being reached only through the simplest, most painstaking methods. This has caused the activity of the settlement to find expression largely along the lines of simple personal friendship. The needs of the neighborhood demanded this primarily, and it is in this way that we believe the settlement does, and will always, find her best usefulness. To-day she stands as the centre of social life in a neighborhood where poverty and struggle were destroying the possibility of pure, helpful social intercourse, and she is the exponent of thoughtful, helpful, sympathetic friendship to many lives in which sympathy and friendship were never wanting, but whose opportunities for receiving or rendering wise service were destroyed by poverty and ignorance.

This mother-settlement is still working along the lines chosen in those first days when settlement work in America was an experiment; she is striving to extend her influence through club work. The success of this method of work is unquestionable; it brings the settlement in contact with many of the neighbors, and allows her influence to extend over a wider field than would otherwise be possible, and at the same time, it leaves room for each worker to select and know most intimately the lives that she can touch with the greatest force, and to direct the work with individuals along the lines that seem wisest to her.

The clubs aim to keep the boys in touch with current events, to arouse and foster in them an interest in all that has to do with the welfare of their city, and to furnish them with purer, more self-controlled social enjoyments than the neighborhood affords elsewhere. For the girls and women every effort is embraced to interest and instruct them in housewifely arts and in all that can bring refinement and a more wholesome atmosphere into their homes; for we believe that much of the evil and the hardship of tenement-house life is due to the lack of training of the wives and mothers.

The work with the children is carried on to a large extent, for it is through the education and training of these little ones, who are to be the future voters in our ward, and the future mothers in the tenement-house homes, that we can hope at all for the salvation of East New York. We try to fire the little Russian emigrant with patriotic love for the country to

which he has come, and it is no difficult task, for his highest ambition is to be a true American, and this is always the land of his dreams, at first, and often his loyalty is not crushed or clouded, even by the filth and gloom and squalor of lower New York. Through song and story and precept, we strive to make our boys realize that they are a very part of the new world life, and that the welfare of their city and country is, in a measure, dependent upon them. When we organized them into a "Clean City League," and sent them through the tenement-house districts to distribute tracts appealing to the people to give personal care to the cleanliness of the houses and streets, their eagerness in the work proved that they had imbibed something of the spirit that should animate every true American citizen.

The settlement has made all possible effort to put herself in touch with the existing institutions and interest of the community, believing that her best service to the neighborhood will be given through fostering and developing the germs of good lying dormant there, rather than through the introduction of new material from the outside. Her co-operation with the public schools, through the teachers and principals, has been a most successful effort in this direction. During the winter, a club of teachers met every week in the settlement parlors. Part of the afternoon was spent in a social tea-drinking, part in the hearing of delightful courses of lectures on literature and art. The friendly relation between the teachers and residents which grew out of this club, was often of valuable assistance in the settlement work, while for the teachers the intellectual enjoyment was a real inspiration and refreshment, after the too often dull, mechanical day's effort in the overcrowded schoolroom.

This year of unusual distress demanded that much of the energy of the settlement should spend itself in the attempt to comprehend and meet in the most adequate way the problem of the unemployed.

Living in the midst of the working-people, it was easy to predict very early in the fall the on-coming distress, and when it was upon us, we understood its full bitterness, so the settlement gladly co-operated with other organizations and individuals interested in planning and carrying on relief work through street-sweeping and tailor-shops. Though such work can never be above just criticism, though its weaknesses are self-evident, the effort for relief in New York was carefully planned and superintended, and

the settlement feels that her share in the work has been most satisfactory, and will in after years broaden and increase her influence in many ways. It has demonstrated to labor organizations and unions that the settlement workers are not only willing, but ready, always, to spend their strength and influence in behalf of the laboring classes, that her interest and sympathy is with them, and that she stands, not for charity, but for justice and liberty.

It is never easy for a settlement to point any definite outcome of the year's effort, for the results of the work are slow to manifest themselves, and any progress is made by almost imperceptible stages. But in this very fact lies the great hope for the future of the movement. Because the nature of the work demands that any change it produces must come along the lines of natural development, must be the result of a wholesome, unforced growth, it is possible to have faith in the permanency of the effect produced by settlement work, to believe that the change is not superficial, but is so unified with the life of the community and people, that there is no room to doubt its reality.

ADA S. WOOLFOLK.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

We are His! cry the Children of the Kingdom,
For we stand before His altars all the day,
With uplifted eyes we search the far-away;
With still folded hands we bow our heads to pray.

Know ye not, oh, careless Children of the Kingdom,
As ye walk upon your mountain summits high,
With your glad eyes upward turned to God's blue sky,
That your brothers down below in darkness lie?

Know ye not, oh, heedless Children of the Kingdom,
As ye lift your hearts to Heaven in peaceful prayer,
That your words, which fall so softly on the air,
Are deep drowned by cries of terror and despair?

Know ye not, oh, thoughtless Children of the Kingdom,
As ye plan the means and measures for the morrow,
That in your Father's garden dark clouds lower,
And His lilies droop their heads in shame and sorrow?

Hear ye yot, oh, selfish Children of the Kingdom,
As ye stand upon the mountain glad and free,
That the keynote of the World's sad melody
Is the hopelessness of utter misery?

Hear ye not, oh, cruel Children of the Kingdom,
How the World's great heart is throbbing with its woe;
How the waves of trouble, surging to and fro,
All the lowlands, far beneath you, overflow?

If ye call yourselves the Children of the Kingdom,
Leave your mountains for the lowly paths He sought;
If ye would not make His love an empty thought
Turn ye and learn the creed your Master taught.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

GREGORIO.

IT was Guadaloupe Day in Old Mexico. When Gregorio entered the city, in the early morning, all had been fresh and bright. The houses by the way were in festal dress. Lace curtains draped the outside of the iron window-bars; crucifixes were placed over doors, artificial wreaths and paper lanterns adorned bare spaces. The city streets were thronged with men and women eager to do honor to Mexico's patron saint. Venders of pulque, tortillas, mescal did a thriving business.

Gregorio had passed in and out among the gaily dressed crowd until he reached the church in the "pueblo," the Indian settlement, where were the dances, relics of old Aztec ceremonies. He watched the dancers, waving huge feather fans, and shifting from one foot to the other in rhythmic motion, slowly circle round the many-colored pole, surmounted with its crown of flowers and crucifix. The music was weird and monotonous. The Indians went through all sorts of fantastic figures, weaving in and out. The boy, wearied at length, entered the church. And now the day was over, he was hurrying from the city gates. This was the day he had tried to comprehend when his grandfather, the sacristan of the old mountain church, had told him the story of the saint, Our Lady of Guadaloupe.

As the days went by, Gregorio dreamed and hoped that he might have a vision of Our Beautiful Lady. This hope never entirely left him. At play

with the children he sometimes forgot it, but when he turned back to the gray stone walls the idea returned. Part of the church was a fine old ruin, with two arches vaulting the nave, and to see her coming majestically and passing under these arches, was one of his most deeply cherished hopes. Sometimes he went through the underground passage with its damp cells, where the stone is worn by chains and, kneeling, pictured his Saint, standing at the end of the passage, revealed by a halo of light. These dreams grew in the boy's soul as he watched the sun rise over the dark pines and set beyond the clear lake, or when he climbed the towers and looked into the valley that lay below.

"What did Our Lady love?" and the old sacristan answered, "Clean hands and a pure heart." The boy pondered, his heart was pure. It was filled with an image of her and she was all purity and love. It was she who took care of all the country and protected his grandfather and him.

In the neatly swept patio of the sacristan's house was a grotto to the Virgin, and Gregorio had so far shared his longing with the children that they played round this grotto in awed whispers, for Gregorio said she might appear there.

The springtime came. One glad May morning the child awoke suddenly. There was a wonderful peal of music from the church. He hastened across the patio, entered the church, the music swelling until it fairly shook the old stone towers. Slowly, with his eyes fixed on the organ-loft, Gregorio crept toward the rugged stone, spiral stairway. The place was full of light. A shimmering rosy glow fell upon the organ, and there she was. Her face was upraised, her fair golden hair gleamed in the slanting beams of light. A blue robe fell from her shoulders to the floor. Her hands pressed the keys and they answered. The music was now deep, passionate, full of excitement, and now sweet, low, joyful. The air was laden with the strange, wonderful sound. To the boy's excited fancy, airy, singing shapes floated all about him — and her. The rosy light deepened and crimsoned as it fell through the dark old panes. "The miracle, the miracle!" he cried. The music stopped, the beautiful head fell upon the keys and his strained ear caught the low-spoken words, "Mexico, Mexico,— you poor, poor country!" Rapt, breathless, exhausted, he waited the vision to fade. Kneeling, he hid his face. Steps sounded on the stone stair and across the

nave. When he rose the church was empty. He crept up into the place where she had been. Two white roses lay at his feet. It was where her tears had fallen, he said. In an ecstacy of joy and reverence he took them tenderly. He sank into the heavy oak arm-chair before the organ, his eyes fell on the open rubric with its great square notes. Here was the way into a new world, and he would learn the way. When he left the church the children saw him lay a rose in the grotto to the Virgin, but they forgot their wonted awe in their haste to tell him of the party that had just left the old monastery. "Look, there they were, even now, disappearing. They stopped to rest as they climbed the mountain." The children clamored for his attention. "See, the ladies had distributed pennies among them." Gregorio listened as one asleep and the children ran away.

Years passed and the boy grew to young manhood. The organ-loft was his dear retreat. The old rubric was learned by heart. Often in the early morning the children were waked by the music in the church. "It is Gregorio again," and they turned away unheeding. He became more and more separated from his childhood's friends. He rarely joined them in their pet amusements. They looked at him strangely, turned to each other and said, "There is a bull-fight in the hacienda to-day, but Gregorio will not go with us. He never sees the bull-fights now. He says they are nasty, disgusting spectacles!"

An old priest was Gregorio's friend. He taught the boy all he knew in books and music. At this time the church was cared for by a new sacristan. The grandfather was dead and Gregorio went down into the city and lived with the priest in the convent. The free life in the mountain was gone. The snowy mountain tops could be seen beyond the city gates, but the mists over the lake at nightfall, the haze that hung above the pines, the old monastery in the moonlight, all were part of that dear dream-life, when he had believed the beautiful tourist was a vision vouchsafed to him, of Mexico's saint. With unreasoning devotion he had lived in music. The wind among the pines, the ripple of waters, the singing of birds, entered into his inmost being and found expression when he shut himself up with the organ. Throughout his childhood Gregorio had earnestly believed that when Our Lady of Guadaloupe revealed herself to him she pointed out the life he was to follow. His love for music increased as he grew, music was his

very life. But the days and months and years in the city brought a second revelation. He was rudely awakened from his dream world. The pink and blue and purple-tinted mountain-tops faded before the daily sights in the city streets. The old women in the market-place, squatting on the cobble-stones, with their peppers and nuts displayed on the ground, never failed to send him away with sorrow. The sordidness and gruesomeness of the city life would not let the sweet music grow in his soul. Day after day he entered the convent church and sat in silence before the great dumb organ. The vail of beauty had been rent, his own "soul's iris-bow" had faded.

As he sat one day in the corner of a high stone bench, near a fountain in the plaza, dreamily watching the distant hills, the longing and unrest of his soul was stilled. The cool splashing of the water and the flutter of wings in the treetops fell on his ear. The large, carelessly kept grove, too, was refreshing after the monotonous lime-washed walls and cobble-stones. Dark-eyed women came gliding down one of the paths toward the fountain; as they lifted their water-jars on their heads how graceful and beautiful they were,—but their bright-colored rebozos, falling back, revealed their ragged and scanty clothes. Two young women and a toddling child followed. It was easy, even for him, to see which was the mother, for what but mother-love could so light up the hopeless eyes and so soften the features when the baby stroked her hair. The dirty, wretched mother and her dirtier companion lighted their cigarettes and moved on. Then came a group of school-boys. How quiet they were, none of the freedom Gregorio had known was here. There was no running or jumping or scuffling. With listless, indifferent steps they crossed the flagging, and one by one stooped to drink where the water trickled from a hole in the fountain. It seemed a splendid chance for a grand "rough and tumble," but the city was subdued, oppressed, passive, long-suffering, even to the children in the streets. Poor Mexico!

Gregorio hastened back to the convent. He seated himself before the organ, pulled the stops, and poured forth his whole passion and desperate longing. Turning he saw some loose sheets; mechanically he placed them on the music-rack. When he had read them through, involuntarily he echoed the cry he had heard in childhood, "O, Mexico, Mexico!" It was

the same music she had played, and this was the conclusion of her message. The empty days of his city life seemed lost. Here was a new motif. He turned and played again. People passing stopped. "It is Don Gregorio, henceforth he is to play the Cathedral organ." An old man stranger entered the church and listened.

Don Gregorio came to be well known throughout all the city streets. The children were merrier when with him; the women looked more hopeful; men met with him frequently to lay schemes for Mexico's emancipation.

Again it was Guadaloupe Day, and how differently all the scenes impressed Gregorio now. How hollow and tawdry and vicious and degrading were the celebrations sanctioned by the Mexican people. As when a child, he moved in and out among the gay throng. Again he entered the church in the "pueblo," and watched the sun fall down through the arches in bright patches on the tile floor. The dull peal of the organ was in his ears and the sound of chanted litanies. Wearied and sad he left it all. When he entered his little room in the convent, there were waiting him two sealed communications. One was from the stranger who had heard his music. It proposed that Don Gregorio leave Mexico, study a little longer, and then play the organ in one of the royal chapels of Europe. The thought of a return to his music world overpowered him. Mechanically he took up the second letter. It came from one of the men he had taught, and told of the principal candidate in the coming election for governor of a small adjoining state. The character of the candidate was well known; he was cruel and unprincipled, unjust, evil. The letter begged Gregorio to work to defeat the election. Struggle and conflict raged in the musician's soul until the Cathedral clock tolled midnight. The city gates were open and Gregorio fled through the narrow streets and out into the valley, then climbed toward his old mountain home. How beautiful his Mexico was! Tall eucalyptus trees swayed in the night wind, the mountains loomed in the distance, lofty, majestic, calm. There was little spontaneous life in this beautiful country, but its soul had yet to be awakened.

The orange light of the morning was creeping over the gray-blue sky before he reached the old monastery. He crossed the garden all dewey and sweet with camellias and roses and lilies and the undergrowth of heliotrope and violets. He did not stop until he reached the organ-loft, sank into the

great oak chair and sent peal after peal of broken melodies through the old church. The conflict in his soul was cruel. There had been the dream-world of music, then came the work-world of people, and this was lightened and cheered by his art. Now were they to separate? He could return to the world peopled with shapes of sound.

Unconsciously he began to play the help-music of his life, the music played by his childhood's saint. It was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Gregorio's soul struggled with the struggling music. When the music stopped he cried, "Poor Mexico, my poor country — my music — and thee!"

MAUDE RYLAND KELLER.

"AUNT AMY."

"AUNT TISH, tell me a story. I am so tired of wandering about this great house with nothing to do."

"Go 'long out o' dis kitchen, chile. I ain't got time fur no sto'ies."

"Oh! please, I am so lonesome." The speaker was a tall, dark girl whose every motion betrayed the restless, impulsive spirit caged within. She addressed a very black, smiling old negro woman, who bustled about an immaculate kitchen.

Aunt Letitia, better known as "Aunt Tish," was one of the few servants who had remained with Dr. Grey's family after the negroes were freed. She had never lived anywhere else, and now, as she expressed it, she "warn't gwine 'way an' leave dem white chilen o' hern to git along de bes' way dey could," so, true, faithful old soul, she stayed on at the "big house," and reigned supreme over kitchen and dining-room. The whole family loved "Aunt Tish," but none, perhaps, so much as this restless, petted, beautiful child — for eighteen years had not made her more than a child — who now begged for a story to break the monotony of a long, winter afternoon.

"Well, honey," the old woman began, as she adjusted her red bandanna on her head, and rolled her sleeves a little higher, "ef you's lonesome, I reckin I'll have to tell you one dis time. You jes' set down dere by de fiah, an' I'll tell you a sto'y while I mix up de dough fur de bisc'it.

"'Foah de waah, you know, I wuz cook fur yo' gran'pa Grey; an' yo' pa, an' Uncle George, an' Aunt Sarah, an' Aunt Amy, dey wuz all de bes',

sweetes' white chilen I uver seed. Lord, I jes' love dem chilen, honey, same's I love you now, an' dey wuz powerful fon' o' me. Yo' Aunt Amy, you know, wuz de younges' of 'em, an' she wuz de purties' gal. Look mos' like you do now, Miss Virginia. She wuz 'bout nineteen years ole when de waah broke out, I reckin, an' de mos' pop'lar gal in de country. Dey use' to hev de bes' times heah. Comp'ny all de time. It jes' kep' ole Tish busy a-cookin' an' a-makin' good t'ings fur dem boys an' gals. De ole po'ch use' to ring wid de singin' an' de laughin', an' 't 'pears like to me you could allers heah yo' Aunt Amy's voice jes' like sparklin' water.

"Ev'y day, dey use' to take hoss-back rides, an' de warn't nobody could beat Miss Amy ridin'. Ole Jedge Grey, he got her de purties' little black hoss, an' pears like it jes' suit her, wid her big, black, dancin' eyes, an' her rosy cheeks, an' her black, fluffy hair. All de young men use' to want to ride wid her; but she ain't carin' which one 'tis, jes' so she got her Beauty — dat what she call her black hoss.

"At night-times, dey all come back to de big house, an' dance, an' sing, an' set out in de yard under de trees. Dem wuz de bes' ole times, honey! An' yo' Aunt Amy, jes' like you, on'y she laugh an' sing mo'.

"Well, by'mby, a big, dark man tuk ter comin' heah a lot. Mr. Carter wuz his name. He t'ink mighty heap o' Miss Amy, an' bring her heap o' purty t'ings; but ole Marse don' like Mr. Carter; 'pears like he rubbed 'im de wrong way.

"So, when de waah broke out, old Marse, he went off, co'se, an' Mr. Car, ter, he went, too. Ev'ry oncet in a while, he 'ud come back, an' Miss Amy she jes' chirk right up, an' look so purty! When ole Marse 'ud come home an' find dat Mr. Carter heah, he jes' look dark, an' me an' Silas, we shakes our heads an' sez, 'De ain't no good in dat Carter man.'

"One day, Miss Amy, she come out in de kitchen, an' her big eyes wuz all full o' teahs. 'Lor'! what's de mattah wid my purty chile?' sez I; an' she sez, her voice all shakin', 'Aunt Tish,' sez she, 'I want to tell you somethin'. Papa tole me, las' night, he didn't like Jack,'— dat Carter man's name, you know — 'an' he sez he bin to town to fin' out what kin' o' man he is, an' he ain't de man he wants me to go wid. He sez he gambles,' she sez, her voice jes' tremblin', 'an' dat he's in debt.'

"I jes' put my ahm roun' her neck, an' lay her head on my shoul'er, an'

she cry like her little heart mos' broke. I jes' say, 'Honey, yo' pa knows bes'. Ole Marse ain't gwine do nothin' wrong, an' you jes' trus' him.'

"She say she gwine to trus' him, an' arter a while she gits quiet, an' goes back in de house.

"Not long arter dat, ole Marse come home one night, all mud an' dirt, an' ole Missis, she run out 'n de yard a-cryin'. Ole Marse, he tuk Missis, an' dey go in de house togedder. Arter a while, I see Marse an' Miss Amy goin' in de parlor. Arter a long time, Marse come out de house all clean 'gain. He tuk yo' Aunt Sarah an' den yo' Aunt Amy in his ahms, an' kiss 'em, an' den he tuk ole Missis, an' den he gits on his hoss an' sez, 'Silas'— Silas done ben a-holdin' de hoss —'Silas,' sez he, 'be good to 'em all. Don' you nuver leave 'em!' An' he rode dashin' away, down de avenue.

"Silas he come down to de kitchin, an' say, 'Tish, Marse's regiment'— ole Marse he wuz a cunnel den —'Marse's regiment done ben ordered off frum heah. De Yankees is hot arter 'em; an' old Marse he come home fur to tell Missis.'

"In a minute, Miss Amy come into de kitchin, jes' a-sobbin' an' a-sobbin'. She tell me how her pa tole 'em all good-by, an' den she sez, 'Aunt Tish, I promised 'im nuver to marry Jack widout his consent, an' he sez he gwine t'ink 'bout it, an' do his bes' to like 'im an' make a man uv 'im.'

"Miss Virginia, I nuver see nobody cry an' carry on so, an' she say she don' want her ma to see her, caze it make her feel so bad. I said ev'yt'ing I knowed to pac'fy her, but 'twarn't no use. Arter a long time, she stopped cryin', an' went up in de house like my blessed chile, to comfoaht her ma.

"We didn't sleep much dat night. All night, detachmunts, an' messengers, an' scouts wuz a-flyin' by, an' not fur from heah, you could see de smoke frum de Yankee encampmunt. It wuz awful. I nuver see Missis look so ole an' white. But arter a long time, de day come, an' we all tried to furgit t'ings by wu'kin' hard. Miss Amy she jes' kep' by her ma like she wuz her shader, an' she might 'a' ben a shader frum her looks.

"'Bout seven 'clock dat evenin', jes' as de dusk wuz cumin' on, Silas he come runnin' roun' to de kitchin, an' sez, 'Tish, come heah!' Dat all he sez, but Lor', I wuz skeered! We run out, down de driveway a piecet, an' we see, yes, sir, we see a-comin' in de big gate a covered wagin, an' ole Roney wid Marse's saddle on him, walkin' 'long behin'. 'Good Lor', Silas,'

sez I, 'it'll kill Missis.' 'No 'twon't,' sez Si, an' he tu'n roun' an' walk up to de house.

"Miss Amy she come a-runnin' out to de fron' doah, an' I jes' th'ew my aprin up over my head an' cry like a baby.

"Is it papa, Uncle Silas?" she sez, awful soft an' slow like.

"'Yes, Miss Amy,' sez Si.

"She run in right quick. Dey tuk ole Marse out o' de wagin, an' Silas he he'p 'em ca'hy 'im into de parlor. I seen Miss Amy an' Miss Sarah come down de stairs wid ole Missis, an' I jes' run roun' to de kitchin, an' shet de doah, an' cry like my heart wuz broke.

"Well, dem wuz the wust times I uver see. Dey wuz all jes' heart-broke, all my sweet chilen an' Missis, too. Dey buried ole Marse, an' not long arter, yo' pa come home to stay wid 'em all. He wuz too sick to stay in de ahmy any mo'; an' Miss Amy she jes' git whiter an' whiter; an' she nuver laugh an' sing no mo'. 'Pears like she wuz a purty flower, fadin' ez de autumn come on.

"One day, 'bout a month arter ole Marse come home to stay allers, de doah-bell rung, an' ez mos' all de niggahs wuz gone den, I went up frum de kitchin to go to de doah, but young Marse done got dere fust, an' I heah 'im step to de parlor doah an' say, 'Amy, Cap'n Cahter wishes ter see you,' mighty stiff-like.

"Miss Amy she come out, white's a ghost. I nuver know why dat man don' come in, but Miss Amy she jes' sez, 'Mr. Cahter, I promised my father nuver ter marry you widout his consent, an' he can't nuver give it now.' She tu'n roun' an' th'ew her purty face in her little white han's; an' dat han'some man — fur he wuz han'some — jes' sez, 'Noble woman, you'se wu'thy that brave father,' an' he tu'n roun' an' mount his hoss.

"I couldn't see my chile cry like dat, so I jes' picks her up in dese two ahms an' ca'hy her in to ole Missis, an' leave dem two togedder."

A few chords from a piano sounded, and then a sweet voice rang out, coming even to the kitchen. And as "Aunt Amy" sang, the beautiful girl buried her face in her own white hands, and the faithful old slave, with her apron thrown over her head, rocked back and forth in her chair.

AGNES L. CALDWELL.

SONNET.

Through star-lit nights and music's mystic dreams,
  In the sweet breath of wan flowers, as they lie
  Surrendered meekly to the parchèd sky
Of summer noons, a subtly sweet voice seems
To speak to my mute soul and bid the beams
  Of beauty, stored from glorious hours past by,
  Shine forth to that dim world which would deny
All hidden light, and silence dullness deems.
When all out-reaching, eager for some way
  To loose the light imprisoned, throbs the soul,
  But baffled, half retreats, as backward roll
    The thwarted tides when at the full. Words fail,
    And music's woof I weave to no avail;
In unskilled hands, clay is but formless clay.

S. B.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

[By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888.]

ALTHOUGH the interesting and important events of the life of Louise, Countess of Albany, have long since been worn threadbare by historian and biographer, this little book of Vernon Lee's has a peculiar interest. It unites, as the author herself says, "the names and memories of a German princess, of an Italian poet, and of the last descendant of the most unfortunate kingly line of modern times." The book is of special value in that it throws light upon a vital part of the countess's history — upon a part which her other biographers have been content to pass by almost unnoticed — namely, her connection with Alfieri. Vernon Lee, during the years of her residence in Florence, had access not only to some valuable letters and papers of the Countess of Albany, but also to letters of Alfieri, hitherto unpublished. These documents afforded an insight into the character of both Alfieri and the countess, and added an important amount of detail before unattainable. The author has aimed, therefore, not so much to repeat in a new form facts already known, as to show, in a new light, the character of the Countess of Albany and her relations to Alfieri. As these opinions have never before appeared in print, a greater part of this review shall be

devoted to an outline of the character of the countess as it is set forth in this new biography.

We are introduced to Louise, Princess of Stolburg-Gedern, as a beautiful, high-born, worldly, thoughtless girl of twenty, just married by proxy to Charles Edward Stuart, the man known to history as the younger Pretender, and to society, in the eighteenth century, as the Count of Albany. With an image in her romantic mind of the brilliant, gallant, "bonny Prince Charlie" of "the 45," the princess had come in 1772 to Rome. Dazzled by the thought of her brilliant marriage, by the idea that she was "going to be queen," the convent-educated girl was wholly ignorant that she had been sold by her ambitious mother to a man who indeed called himself King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, but whose "royal-souled nature" had been blighted and made hideous by selfishness, dissipation, and indulgence in every kind of vice. How soon Charles Edward allowed her to see his true character, we do not know. Vernon Lee herself says, "It is quite impossible to tell the precise moment at which began what Horace Mann called 'the Countess of Albany's martyrdom.' No one can say when Louise d'Albany, hitherto apparently so childish, became a woman with the first terrible suspicion of the nature of her bondage. Certain it is that the count, two years after his marriage, had acquired, both in Florence and Rome, a dreadful notoriety for drunkenness and debauchery. We know that gross and violent language and even blows became a part of the life of the once happy, careless girl.

But all accounts show her to have been virtuous and patient and faithful, a marvel in the corrupt Florence of the corrupt eighteenth century. Indeed, much as her subsequent life proved her to be a woman *of* the eighteenth century and not *above* it, Louise d'Albany was a woman rare at all times, but rarest in her own. From the indifferent, light-hearted girl, somewhat deficient in sensitiveness, she became, in the period of her wedded slavery, a woman of cold temperament, serious, solemn and intellectual. Safe in the routine of duty and consoled by her books and mathematical problems, almost indifferent, certainly virtuous, she led a passive existence by the side of her jealous, brutal, drunken husband, never envying, for an instant, other women their inane lovers, their unwholesome lives. Thus Vernon Lee, in the light of the newly discovered manuscripts, has conceived the

character of Louise, Countess of Albany — a creature intellectual and virtuous but only half awake — wholly different from the other women of her time.

Such a woman was well calculated to arouse, first the curiosity, then the interest, and last the love of such a man as Count Vittorio Alfieri. Morbid, pessimistic and egotistical, he was a man who, having passed a vacant, dreary childhood and spent his youth in shameful intrigues and passions for worthless women, had awakened with an immoderate ambition to become famous. Vernon Lee calls "this attempt to liberate himself from the bonds of worldly vanity and unworthy love," "the turning point in the life of Alfieri." And so it was. With his characteristic vanity he conceived the vague notion that he was born to arouse, through his literary works, his fellow countrymen to his own contempt of sensual pleasure and his own hatred of political and religious servitude. At this time he became acquainted with the Countess of Albany, and realized in her a woman superior to the shameless, unfaithful wives and heartless, vain coquettes whom he had known. He saw in her one with whom he could discuss his literary ambitions — one from whom he could receive the sympathy and encouragement so necessary to his success — one to whom he could look as his ideal. This man, in the hey-day of his youth and energy and independence, Vernon Lee now contrasts with Charles Edward, "the degraded, jealous brute," and in this contrast finds an excuse, almost a reason, for Louise d'Albany's subsequent relations with Alfieri. The countess finds in Alfieri, as he in her, that satisfaction of her intellectual cravings, which in a nature and situation like hers must have been absolutely necessary. Thus this intellectual passion, this strange mixture of love and friendship, grew out of a necessity, a great want in the nature of each, and was as pure as it was incurable.

During the months in which these feelings developed, the domestic relation of the Countess and Count of Albany had been growing daily more unbearable to the tortured wife. They resulted finally in 1780 in her separation from her husband. The author takes particular pains here to emphasize the point that this separation was the result, not of the countess's love for Alfieri, but of the treatment she received at the hands of her husband. The countess fled to Rome, where she was received by her brother-in-law, Cardinal York. Alfieri, unable, it seems, to carry on his work without her

influence, followed and continued to be in Rome as in Florence " her incomparable friend (expression then in vogue)."

The remainder of the sketch is taken up with a degree of detail concerning the countess's later years, her travels in company with Alfieri, and the friends with whom she then corresponded. This cannot be considered vital to the main subject, except as it treats of her relations to Alfieri. In this connection it consists mainly of the narration of facts to uphold and emphasize the main idea of the book — namely, that the relation of Louise d'Albany to Alfieri, although illegitimate, does not deserve the severe criticism hitherto received.

Notwithstanding the newness and possible flaws in this opinion, it is in this book well supported. When the reader has pursued to the end this interesting biography of an interesting woman — when he has followed the development, as set forth in it, of the two strange characters so strangely connected — when he has seen how the two long-suppressed, solitary lives, with their contempt for all baser loves, were drawn irresistibly together, he will be ready to admit that Vernon Lee is right,— their connections were excusable, even justifiable.

MARGARETTE PURINGTON.

YEA, VERILY.

ONCE, in that vague "long ago," that may mean any time from the world's beginning to this very day, there lived a sage; a man of wise mind, great heart, and pure soul. Many virtues and much learning were his, yet he was not perfectly happy, for he had a great longing to find and possess the long-sought Philosopher's Stone, that perfect gem which shines with the marvelous, mysterious light of Truth. This yearning for the wonderful stone grew stronger and stronger, until he could no longer resist it, and so he set out on a long and weary journey, through many lands and over great seas, searching always and everywhere for the fabled jewel that no eye has ever seen.

One day, as the sage paused for an hour's rest on the summit of a high mountain, a little child came running to him, and threw down before him,

a pebble, saying, "See! It is for you." Then the child laughed and ran away through the wood. The sage snatched up the pebble, crying, "I have it! It is the stone!" and he buried it in his bosom, and ran and leapt and shouted for very joy. For days he could do nothing but rejoice; but he did not look at his treasure — he only kept putting his hand to his breast to find whether it were still there. When he had become more calm, he tremblingly took out the stone to look at it. It was white and clear and fair, but as he turned it over and over and examined it closely, he suddenly found a dark flaw,— tiny, to be sure, but unmistakably a flaw. Then he turned and flung the pebble as far as the strength of his arm could carry it, and he bowed his head, and once more began the search.

For years he traveled on, patiently looking and asking and waiting, but that which he desired he did not find. Finally, he returned to his home, and, with the mad energy of despair, threw himself into a routine of hard and homely work. One night, when he had sunk into a deep sleep after a weary day's work, he had a dream so vivid that he remembered it forever. A tall and awful shape stood by him, and a deep, but strangely sweet voice said, "Art thou he that would see with mortal eye the Philosopher's Stone?" Eagerly the sage answered, "I am he." Then the voice cried, "Look at the house of thine own soul; the corner-stone of its hidden foundation is that thou seekest!"

CAROLINE FITZ RANDOLPH.

MARTHA LOQUITUR.

WELL, Lib, here's Silas Walker's weddin' in the Liberty paper. Seems queer to see a marriage-notice with his name in it, an' mine not there beside it, for Silas an' I was a-courtin' twenty years, Lib. For twenty years he an' I went to singin'-school together reg'lar every winter, me in my red an' black "nubier" an' him in the red an' black tippet I knit him the first year. An' when the boys'd see Silas comin' in the door, they'd all sing out, "Here comes Marthy!" an' sure 'nough, there I'd be at his heels!

Well, we kep' it up twenty years, him a-comin' to see me twicet a week reg'lar an' takin' me to church every Sunday; an' every time he come we'd

sorter talk things over, but somehow we never seemed to get no nearer. But one evenin' he come round — his reg'lar Wednesday evenin'— an' he was that slicked up! Had on a new pink tie I'd never seen afore, an' he'd combed the hair over his bald place that careful, you'd never 'a known there was any, if you hadn't a-seen him — as I had many's the time — on hot days a-moppin' the shiny top of his head with his bandanner. Now, Silas is handsome, if I do say it that shouldn't; an' that tie was mighty becomin' to his rosy complexion. The minute I saw him come in the door, my heart gave a big thump, an' says I to myself, "It's a-comin'!"

"Pleasant evenin', Marthy," says 'e. "How are you, Marthy? You're lookin' right spry to-night," says 'e; an' with that he pulled a quart bag o' peanuts out of his coat pocket. He'd never done such a thing before in all the twenty years. He pulled his chair over, an' even went that far as to offer to shell my peanuts for me. But I knowed as that was more'n Silas could 'a stood, an' so I shelled hisen instead. Pretty soon he begun:

"Marthy, I've got somethin' to ask you."

"What is it, Silas?" says I; an' my hand shook as I turned out a peanut.

"Marthy, you know Joe Bascom left his widow a tidy bit of property?"

"What's Mary Bascom got to do with it?" thinks I.

"Marthy, I can have the widow *an'* the property, if I say the word. An' I jest wanted t'ask you if you'd bring a breach of promise suit if I took her."

You could 'a knocked me down with a feather! But I wasn't goin' to let him know, an' I up an' says:

"Breach o' promise suit? No! An' I wish Mary Bascom joy o' her bargain, Silas Walker!"

He looked at me like a great fool of a man, not knowin' what to do or think. "Thank you, Marthy," says 'e, an' he took his cap an' the bag half full o' peanuts, an' went out.

An' forty years o' my life are gone. But, Lib, I don't know as I wonder at Mary Bascom: Silas has a powerful fetchin' way with him, if he *is* a mite close.

S., '94.

SUPPOSE.

A soft cloud is drifting away in the night,
Drifting away in the pale starlight;
With the gentle moon to smile on me,
And the glimmer of stars for company,
Wrapped in the downy folds to lie,
With the Night-wind to kiss me a soft lullaby,
Answer me, is there a sweeter bliss
Than this?

But what if the storm-winds should arise
As I drift with the cloud thro' the starlit skies;
And the moon should hide, and the stars go in,
And with tear-drops big should the rain begin;
I cannot but think that I might weep too,
As my soft, downy quilt to a wet sheet grew;
And I might be dropped in a big thorn tree,
Ah me! '95.

THE SOUS-PRÉFET IN THE COUNTRY.

[A Translation.]

MONSIEUR le SOUS-PRÉFET is just starting out on his rounds. With his coachman sitting in front and his lackey behind, his carriage rolls majestically to the fair in the country of Combe-aux-Fées. He has put on, for so important a journey, his best hat, his breeches fastened with bands of silver, and his sword inlaid with pearl. On his knees lies open a great portfolio of embossed leather, which he broods over sadly.

Monsieur le Sous-préfet broods sadly over his portfolio of embossed leather; he thinks of the weighty address he must soon speak before the people of Combe-aux-Fées. "Dear friends and fellow-citizens,"—but in vain he twirls his silky, blonde moustache, and repeats twenty times over, "Dear friends and fellow-citizens,"—the rest of his address does not come.

The rest of his address will not come. It grows very warm in the carriage. As far as the eye can reach, the road to Combe-aux-Fées stretches, white with dust, under the hot rays of the mid-day sun. The air becomes very close, and from the elms that border the road millions of grasshoppers

call to one another. Suddenly Monsieur le Sous-préfet starts. There, at the foot of the hill, he sees a small cluster of green oaks that seems to beckon to him.

The little wood of green oaks seems to beckon to him : "Come down here, Monsieur le Sous-préfet, to write your address. It will be cool and pleasant under my trees." Monsieur le Sous-préfet yields ; he tells his attendants to wait while he finishes his work in the little wood of green oaks.

In this little wood of green oaks are birds and violets, and springs under the fine grass. When they see Monsieur le Sous-préfet with his beautiful coat and his portfolio of embossed leather, the birds are frightened and cease their singing, the springs stop babbling and lie quite still, and the timid violets hide under the green turf. For this little world has never before seen him, and they ask each other in low voices who this fine gentleman is who wears breeches with bands of silver.

In low voices among the leaves, they ask who he could be who wears breeches with bands of silver. And now Monsieur le Sous-préfet, pleased with the silence and freshness of the wood, lifts his coat, places his hat on the grass,and sits down on the soft moss at the roots of a young oak. Then he spreads open on his knees his great portfolio of embossed leather, and takes out a large sheet of his official paper. "He is an artist," says the linnet. "No," says the blackbird, "he cannot be an artist who wears breeches with bands of silver; he is surely a prince."

II.

"He is surely a prince," says the blackbird. "Neither an artist nor a prince," interrupts an old nightingale who has sung all the season in the garden of the Sous-prefecture, "he is a Sous-préfet, he is a Sous-préfet!" "How bald he is!" exclaimed a lark with a great tuft on his head. And the violets ask, "Is he bad?"

"Is he bad?" ask the timid violets. The old nightingale answers, "Not at all!" So, reassured, the birds begin to sing again, the springs to bubble up, and the violets to send forth their fragrance just as if he were not there. Unmoved in the midst of all these sweet sounds, Monsieur le Sous-préfet invokes in his heart the muse of agricultural fairs, and flourishing his pencil, begins in a ceremonious voice: "Dear friends and fellow-citizens,—"

"Dear friends and fellow-citizens,—" begins Monsieur le Sous-préfet, in his ceremonious voice. A burst of laughter interrupts him. He turns around in its direction, but does not notice a large woodpecker that, perched on his hat, is watching him with much amusement. Monsieur le Sous-préfet shrugs his shoulders and attempts to continue his address. But the woodpecker interrupts him again, and cries out, "What is the use?" "What is the use?" exclaims Monsieur le Sous-préfet, flushing up; and driving away with a wave of his hand the offending bird, he again commences, "Dear friends and fellow-citizens."

"Dear friends and fellow-citizens," repeats Monsieur le Sous-préfet. But now the timid violets come to him, and stand on the tips of their stems and say, sweetly, "Smell of us; smell how fragrant we are." And the springs trickling over the soft moss make enchanting music, and in the branches of the trees overhead the linnet warbles his best. And all in the wood conspire to keep him from composing his address.

All in the little wood conspire to keep him from composing his address. Monsieur le Sous-préfet, intoxicated with perfumes and music, tries in vain to resist this new charm which steals over him. He stretches out on the grass, throws open his coat, mutters again, two or three times, "Dear friends and fellow-citizens. Dear friends and fel —. Dear friends and —" but he never comes to the "fellow-citizens," and the muse of agricultural fairs is left to veil its face.

Veil thy face, O muse of agricultural fairs! At the end of an hour, the attendants of Monsieur le Sous-préfet, worried about their master, come down into the little wood, and they see something that makes them start with amazement. For their master lies stretched on the grass, his cravat off, his hair dishevelled; he has thrown off his coat, and with the violets between his lips, Monsieur le Sous-préfet lies writing poetry.

D. E. A., '96.

Editorial.

I.

WE, the '95 editorial board of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, being of an appreciative mind, in perfect realization of the worth and responsibility of the bequest that has fallen to us, and in possession of all our rightful legacy, do hereby wish to express to the editorial board of '94 the overwhelming sense of gratitude evoked by their good-will. And since our gratitnde is of that nature which finds in action its truest expression, we purpose, as regards the bequest that has fallen to us, to dispose of it as follows: To preserve intact to ourselves and to our heirs forever, that corner of the corridor on the fourth floor, containing a chest of drawers, a lock-box and key, a table, and an inscription of antiquarian value, "The Office of the Wellesley Prelude," all of which shall be displayed as a curiosity; to petition the elocution department to cultivate resonance softly and practise liberation gently, in order that the sacred dust and cobwebs entrusted to our keeping in the closet in Elocution Hall may not be disturbed; to endeavor to conduct the MAGAZINE in a manner worthy of our predecessors, the board of '94; as for the printer, to deal with him kindly, but firmly; to collect tenderly the MSS. from aspiring Ninety-fives, label them carefully with their class rank, erect over them, "Buried Hopes," or some equally touching and appropriate inscription, and consign them with the dust and cobwebs to the fastness of the closet in Elocution Hall.

Concerning the rules proffered for our safe guidance through the vicissitudes of magazine life, in view of the valuable matter therein contained, we purpose as a board,

(1) To insure the safe preservation of the "Rules of Conduct" to all future boards of the MAGAZINE in a manner which shall seem most commendable to the present board.

(2) To see that each member of the board is provided with a framed copy of the same.

(3) To peruse them often and thoughtfully, with the intent to thoroughly master their contents.

(4) To follow faithfully our best understanding of them.

(5) To attribute whatever success may be ours to their guidance.

All of which we purpose with a keen appreciation of the value of the legacy bequeathed, and a desire to use it to the best advantage.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF '95.

II.

IN the midst of the endless rush and hurry of our indoor college life, we too often forget or neglect to appreciate the out-door charm of this little Wellesley world of ours. We do not remember that he who would seek and find out nature's secrets must be quick to perceive and ready to appreciate her revelations.

This spring Wellesley's treasures have begun to reveal themselves unusually early, as if every little blade of grass, every violet and crocus knew that Easter was at hand and hastened to add its little store of happiness to the happy time.

The lake threw off its bonds of ice to smile on us before we started away for our holidays, and the robin hurried north to send us on our way with a joyous song.

And now, when we return, the campus shows a brighter green and the lake sparkles in delight as Wellesley's daughters throng back through her welcoming halls.

"All hail to the college beautiful," sings every loyal heart.

III.

WE have lately been reading a dainty little book on Americanized Delsarte Culture, which gives a true explanation of this system of physical culture, so widely misunderstood and so generally ridiculed.

The entire treatise cannot fail to interest any one, but one chapter, the sixth, entitled Relaxation, Receptivity, Recuperation, seems especially fitted for the instruction of college girls.

It dwells on the injurious effect of nervous tension and shows how people overwork themselves unnecessarily by expending so much force in whatever they do, until pleasures and play, as well as study and work, become matters requiring great effort and outlay of strength.

It also bids its readers consider the amount of nerve energy wasted by being "frittered away in little purposeless movements." Tapping the foot, working the fingers as if practising scales on a piano, these are only a few of the many wasteful movements which we may observe if we look around in our college library at the girls studying and reading there.

Let every girl who realizes that she has none too much nerve-force for her work, consider if she is not unnecessarily parting with a share of her precious possession.

IV.

THE MAGAZINE hereby offers its May pages to each and every student who has had such an enjoyable vacation that she has returned with a longing in her heart to share its pleasures with her fellow-students.

The Free Press.

I.

As Wellesley students, we cannot afford to leave college, either in the midst of the term or at the end of the year, nervously exhausted. We are forgetting that woman's education is not entirely on the firm basis we unconsciously attribute to it; much that we, as college students, are taking as a matter of expedient justice is still grudgingly given by skeptical critics. Friends seem surprised that physical weakness and mental strength do not appear together, while writers in Woman's Columns still speak of "the four branches sufficient for a healthful absorption of any girl of average mental capacity," and that substitutions rather than additions should be made if due regard is given to physical welfare. Do we realize that there is a responsibility on the present college woman as there was a responsibility on the first college woman, to lessen the many hindrances that are yet given to her deeper and more thorough intellectual development? We owe it as much to the coming college student as to ourselves that academic work is compatible with health. But was it altogether the spring weather that made the April vacation an absolute necessity? It is a problem worth the solution: is it the college atmosphere or the students that are at fault? Both, perhaps; the student side is the hardest of analysis, it is too much a part of ourselves, but there are three causes worth considering.

First of all, this is Wellesley College, and not Wellesley High School. College life demands college methods. Greek is not so many pages of translation to be finished before 10.55, nor is an occasional neglect of minor points a matter for serious stings of conscience. We are not passive recipients. Surely the college girl knows what college life holds for her — what she must render to the college life. "I have made of myself all that can be made of the stuff." If it prove calico, what of that? "I have made of myself all that can be made of the stuff." Again, in many cases perspective is wrong. With vacation has come the opportunity for the consideration of matters of relative importance. The word "relative" should be emphasized. There is too much of the pushing, driving power which, once begun, continues without reason, as hard to check as to start. Ideals and standards of scholarship should be high, but incessant application only hides an ideal. "That innate conscientiousness of the feminine mind" is as much a vice as a virtue; it is a conscientiousness that often forgets the salient points in the search for the microscopical.

All this could be remedied by the student; there is another cause that lies beyond our control. Is it necessary to spend the last week of the school term in written reviews and period examinations? As students, we would write only satisfactory papers, but consider the disadvantages under which we work: a hard term's work behind us, the excitement that surrounds the coming of trunks and the purchase of tickets, and the tenseness that is inevitably associated with written reviews. Under such conditions, we cannot do written work satisfactory either to ourselves or to the professors. As it is, it is only an additional strain. Vacation should be something more than a doctor's prescription.

E. H. Y., '96.

II.

Why is it that the very last day of a term is invariably selected by our instructors for their most searching quizzes, their most deadly written reviews, their longest assignments and sternest admonitions? That last day, of all days, when, beginning to feel the natural reaction of months of steady work, the student finds it all she can do to pack her trunk, attend to the numerous important details incident upon departure from the college, perform her domestic work, and be present at chapel and four recitations. How much less anxiety and nervous strain there would be, were the quiz, the review, and the long assignment things of yesterday, and a programme of lectures and general discussions the order for that last day! Under such conditions the stern admonitions would not be needed. It

seems as if the term's work might be planned so as to admit such a *Finale*, and if the same principle were extended to cover the first day of the new term, the student's cup of gratitude would be so full, that she would do extra work sometimes without grumbling. A little matter, perhaps, — the mitigation of that last day's rush, but upon just such little matters depend health and mental vigor, and that philosophic calm which is hard enough to cultivate under any circumstances.

'94.

III.

Wellesley seems to the first-year student living in the village, to be peculiarly out of touch with the rest of the world. In this article, one such student will try to give some of her experience and observation which leads her to believe that the college really *is* out of touch with the rest of the world. The phase of Wellesley life considered must be, of course, village life, the only one within the writer's ken.

The village student comes here hoping greatly to broaden her intellectual horizon. Fifteen miles from Boston, no farther from Cambridge — what place could be better for a provincial student than Wellesley? Within a month or two after her arrival, however, the outlook has changed. Boston has become, as far as she is concerned, little more than a shopping-place — Cambridge a sort of contemporary myth. When she goes home at Christmas, she finds herself behindhand in information about current events. This fact she explains by saying that the calm secludedness of Wellesley makes it difficult to care about reading the papers, even if one has time. When, from time to time, she hears prominent men speak at the college, they do not seem to her to be of the world in which *she* is living and studying. Their lectures are like apples dropping by happy accident from a stranger garden into ours.

That "the Hub," with all its meaning, should be comparatively insignificant to the village student, that she should feel so little stimulus to keep abreast of events, and that she should be conscious of no vital connection between the Wellesley world and the larger world of progressive thought — indicates that the college is not in genuine touch with the larger world. There are probably scores of individual students fully awake to outside life; but the general tone is not lively enough to broaden the interests of the village student. Look, for an instant, at Radcliffe girls. To them. Cambridge teems with great thinkers. Boston is complementary to Cambridge, not primarily a shopping-place, but the centre of a delightful and inspiring life. Radcliffe girls take in as wide a range of subjects of general interest in one week as Wellesley village girls do in two — and see as

much of men of the day in one month as Wellesley girls do in nine. But Radcliffe girls also live in the village, and have no college life proper. It cannot be, then, their exclusion from the college buildings, which so narrows the interests of the Wellesley village students. It is, rather, a lack of stimulus in the pervading atmosphere. It is because Radcliffe *is* in vital union with men and affairs, that the students are inspired to live a larger life. If Wellesley were in such vital union, our students also would be so inspired. Our fifteen miles' distance from Boston would not prevent our getting a vast deal more good from the city than we do. In short, if there were a something in the air which should whet our appetites for a larger mental food, we should surely find that food. For it does lie within reach.

As a matter of fact, however, village atmosphere is largely one of apathy toward most of the world south of Hunnewell's, east of Grove Street, west of Pond Road, and north of the station — an atmosphere of content with a mental diet of fifteen appointments a week and the conversation of thirty fellow-students of one's own calibre. The majority of first-year village students, coming back to Wellesley after the Christmas holidays, feel that, instead of returning to a richer contact with thought and events, they are letting go the hand of the world's activity until the next vacation. M. G. H.

IV.

One custom here at Wellesley has developed into a nuisance. That is the habit "we girls" have of effectually blocking our large post-office. Of course, it is pleasant to stand and watch for the much desired letter; but if one should stop to think for a moment, one would see how selfish it is. Necessarily there are two lines of girls in the office, one of those coming in, and one of those going out. This is all that the limited space of the office will permit. So if a line of girls is formed against the wall, it is almost impossible for other girls to go in and out. I happen to be one of the unfortunates whose box is under the shelf at the further end of the office; therefore I speak from experience. When one has wedged her way from the door to the other end, she might think that the worst is over, but such is not the case. Her way is blocked by girls leaning against the shelf and girls leaning against the boxes. It is rather surprising that when a girl is politely asked to move so that a certain box may be seen, to have her look as if the question was very impudent. Can it be that the custom of inhabiting the post-office during mail time gives girls the idea that outsiders are not allowed?

Then, too, why is it necessary to open and read the letter on the way out? It will not fly away while we are going out; if our eyes are on our letter we cannot

see where we are going, and so we bump serenely into others, and tread upon their toes. Now, girls may be proverbially good-natured, but they do not like to be bumped into, nor do they like to have their feet trodden upon. A little thoughtfulness and care on the part of each girl would put a stop to the annoying jam and crush of mail time in the post-office.

F. E. H., '95.

V.

On Tuesday, March 20, a hasty meeting was called in room C of all those interested in tennis. This question was put to us: Shall the courts and tennis equipments be placed under the control and direction of the Athletic Association? To which I answer most emphatically, No.

I wonder if there are any among us who begin to think that there is too much science in our recreation, that our games and fun can hardly be called play because of the amount of work and worry we put into them. For the crew it is right enough; we wish to have good crews and a scientific stroke. For basket-ball, I suppose it is all right; but, honestly, do we not begin to look back with regret upon those days in the fall when we played for "fun" and not for "business," when we learned by experience and fought our battles, unscientifically, perhaps, but bravely and, above all, enthusiastically, unhampered by science. Shall we not, then, keep the tennis-courts for true, free playgrounds?

First, think of the absurdity of trying to teach tennis by science, and selecting the strongest girls for those who shall represent the classes. We who have played much know that it takes some years to handle a racket familiarly enough to think of scientific rules. It cannot be taught as basket-ball, but comes only by practice; and by the time one plays well he has virtually made his own rules, for each handles the racket differently, according to his strength and flexibility. Each one teaches himself better than any one can teach him.

Next, shall all the game be reserved for those who are paragons of physical perfection? Shall not some game be saved, some nursery hospital be laid aside for us whose weak frames cannot endure the play of our heartier neighbors? There are probably many among us who, in spite of serious physical defects (not suspected before entrance to Wellesley), have played tennis many years and, indeed, managed to become quite expert, and live to tell of it. To these — of whom I am one — I appeal more especially. Is this not a case of "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"? We wish to play this spring, to hold our tournament, to be allowed a share in the sport. But if the tennis-courts be

placed under the control of the Athletic Association, there is a great risk of many of us not playing at all. Our nerves may not be able to endure the strain. And, you who are paragons of health, would it not be fairer to us to make the courts a common source of enjoyment; would it be kind to rob us of this, our one refuge left for the good of exercise and fun of contest? For, indeed, some of us, enrolled on the hospital list, stand a fair chance of winning a set or two.

So let us keep the courts free from jealousy and ill-feeling, free from scientific rules, free from the Athletic Association.

D. E. A., '96.

VI.

Wellesley has an unusually fine library! We all realize the fact, and are very proud of it. In most cases it takes some time to appreciate this part of our college, for at the end of the first year we usually have only a vague idea of the library. But as more research is required in various subjects, we begin to see the possibilities for pleasure and instruction on these well-stocked shelves, and we begin to love it for itself, and wish for spare hours to enjoy it at our own free will.

But these spare hours are rarely found during the week, especially after we reach the ranks of juniors. Sunday is the day which we give to resting our bodies and improving our minds. Is not this just the day when we might well become acquainted with that part of the library which it is impossible for us to use during study-hours? Here are the choicest works of literature, the knowledge of which is certainly a great benefit to us all. And to many these books are not easily attained elsewhere.

The objection may be brought that it would be an inducement to doing required work on Sunday. But if young women can be trusted to observe the Sabbath with all their text-books in their own rooms, is it likely that they would go to the library to study? Can we imagine having our text-books locked up over Sunday?

Then there is the objection that attendants and domestic girls would be required on Sunday. There does not appear to be need for a librarian, for there is no book which it is essential for any one to find — if she cannot find one there are plenty of others which she is anxious to read. So this objection is abolished. Then with regard to the returning of the books which would be used. Cannot two or three girls be spared from other departments of work to do this on Monday morning? Surely the rest of us would be very willing to do the little extra work which would be unprovided for by the loss of these two girls. However,

we are led to believe that there would be no difficulty in obtaining these girls, as a short time ago a member of the faculty was heard to remark that she was continually racking her brains to provide sufficient work for her office-girls.

So we plead, let the library be open on Sunday. If not for all day, from the close of church services to five o'clock. '95.

VII.

It is when we are roused from our apathy by some such amusing account of Wellesley as the one recently perpetrated by the well-meaning Amy Robsart, under the auspices of the *Boston Post*, that we wish our college took more personal pains to be represented in the newspapers frequently and with dignity. When we have read the detailed descriptions of a pillow-fight, a breakfast-table chatter, a purchase of roses, the appearance and dress of four professors, the workings of the jaws and diaphragms of an elocution class, and the flowers worn by junior debaters; and have learned with some surprise that "we are likely to hear the Wellesley cheer in the circumambient air any time we loiter in the pretty streets of the village, or wait at the station — at any time and without warning," we begin to yearn that an equal amount of type had been employed in registering the deep, steady throb of the college life, and in stating the urgent college needs, which, trite though thay may be in our weary ears, have never reached the ears of men and women who have money to give. The world reads its papers, and the world's information regarding Wellesley or any other college is only too likely to be limited by what it there finds. '94.

VIII.

May it be allowed to an old student to say a word on this subject of "lights out at ten"? It is true that to the interested, enthusiastic worker ten o'clock comes on flying wings, and the evening is all too short. But I wonder if the girls who feel hampered by the rule realize its blessed effect upon their physical selves when they complain of its limitations to mental work. As a Wellesley student, I remember that that rule was troublesome, and the temptation to break it a strong one But as a worker in the world outside of Wellesley, I confess to having longed for the bondage to the bell again.

We are not yet the ideal women we want to be, and few of us have strength of mind enough to voluntarily stop work at a reasonable hour. I speak from experience. Four years spent away from Wellesley have convinced me that the average woman would be less nervous, less highly strung, less irritable, far less likely

to be a broken-down wreck when she should be doing her life's best work, if there were a "ten-o'clock bell" in the world that necessarily sent her to bed at its stroke each night. We live a tense, strained, eager, earnest life for fifteen hours daily at best; it takes small calculation to see that the other nine are the minimum of needed rest.

When college women have learned the highest lesson of self-control, they will be able to stop themselves when they should. Until then, do let them try to realize the blessing of a rule that gives them of necessity the rest they would not voluntarily take. The Wellesley life is not a "grind" if one live it aright,—but it takes nine hours of sleep out of each twenty-four to prevent it from becoming such. It is a wise provision of the care-takers of Wellesley,—this "ten-o'clock bell." I think every student will some day feel, if she does not now, that this one, at least, of the college regulations has its roots deep down in the soil of the common weal, whence all true government springs.

Mary Hollands McLean.

Exchanges.

The editor's table piled high with exchange magazines is a pleasant sight, for there is always something of interest to be found within the many covers. But there is one thing that detracts from the pleasure to be found in their perusal, and that is the difficulty of reaching the contents. We all admit the value of college magazines, but is it necessary that they be wrapped as tightly as an Egyptian mummy? We do not possess the omnipresent knife of our brothers, and so cannot cut our way through all obstructions. We hope our friendly exchanges will take pity on our fingers. The "Vassar Miscellany" for March comes to us with an unusually interesting table of contents. The opening article, "The Evolution of Mephistopheles," is very well written, and is, moreover, original in its presentation of the subject. The one story of the magazine, by Juliet W. Tompkins, is one of the best in our exchanges. "Taken from Life" is really amusing, without the straining for effect which so often characterizes the funny story. There is a spontaneity about it that almost leads one to believe that the title may be taken literally. The article entitled "The Harmony

Society" is a very interesting description of the little communistic town of Economy, Pa. The verse of the month is very good. We clip the following:—

PSYCHE.

The way was murky and black to see.
Above, grim peaks rose bare and stark,
But Psyche went freely and joyously,
And as fair and frail as a dim moonbeam
Did the slender form of the maiden seem
Wandering lone through the shadowy dark.

The wind stirred softly her misty hair,
And she paused, half startled, with step unsure,
Then looked, with such gaze as a child might wear,
Through the gloom that mixed with the vapory skies,
And ever hovered round brow and eyes
Tremulous lights of a spirit pure.

Ellen Dundas Chater, '94.

DORIS'S SHOESTRINGS.

On Doris's feet
Are the smallest of twos,
But surely some elf
Has enchanted her shoes.
For wherever we go,
If we walk, row or ride,
In church or at tennis,
Her shoes come untied.

At times it is trying,
But what can I do
When poor Doris murmurs,
"O bother that shoe!"
So down I must flop
In the dust and the dirt
To tie up the shoe
Of that dear little flirt.

These precious girl-tyrants!
We cannot rebel,
For even their ribbons
Are filled with their spell,
Since old-fashioned aprons
No longer they use
They tie a poor man
To the strings of their shoes.

J. W. Tompkins, '91.

The prose articles of the "Wesleyan Literary Monthly" are especially good this month. "The Showman Instinct," by A. H. Espenshade, and "Matthew Arnold's Idea of Culture," by E. L. Thorndike are both very well written. Of the stories, "School-boy Tone," by Irville C. LeCompt, is the best. There are some fine bits of description in it, and the characters are sympathetically and clearly drawn. The sketches in "Bric-a-Brac" are above the average college production.

The leading article of the "Harvard Monthly," "Recollections of Thomas Hill Green," by Charles P. Parker, is an interesting sketch of the great Oxford teacher. The short stories are more remarkable for their art than for delineation of character. The editorial discusses with ability the address of Mr. Irving to the Harvard students.

The "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" is an alumni number and is full of interest from cover to cover. Perhaps the most valuable article is that by Professor Richardson on "Verse-Making." The stories are naturally few in number; "A Newspaper Item" is particularly good. We clip the following from the verse:—

RENEWAL.

I saw one faring up the hills of Life
  Beneath a sultry noon-tide's blazing beams;
His shield bore dents from many a field of strife,
  His rusty mail was gashed in gaping seams.
He walked alone, a pilgrim staff for spear,
Nor called for help, believing none would hear.

I saw him once again far up the height;
  Upon his staff a pennon fair unfurled,
His peerless brow was radiant with light,
  He moved in strength with thews to throw the world
Before the victor fled his foeman grim,
For he was mighty since Love walked with him.

Ozora Stearns Davis, '89.

The stories in the "Yale Courant" for March are well written, but are rather melodramatic and dismal in subject. Of the verse we like best:—

THE REDWING BLACKBIRD.

The redwing in the swamp is singing
"Ur-da-lee,"
Upon a tall reed sitting, swinging,
"Ur-da-lee."

It sets my heart a-leaping for the woods
and waters free;
Now soft, now louder ringing,
"Ur-da-lee."

"The Spring is coming warm again,
Ur-da-lee;
The brooks are bursting with the rain,
Ur-da-lee.
Come to the sunny meadows, and swing and
sing with me;
I am happy, happy, happy,
Ur-da-lee."

Charles Gould Morris.

A MAGNOLIA.

Stainless white petals!
Corolla of snow!
Gold in the center,
All richness and glow;
Bath for Titania
Of crystalline dew,
Couch to lull Oberon
Under the blue.

Cradle for humming-bird!
Butterfly's nest!
Fountain of nectar
For honey-bee's quest;
Goblet for Ganymede,
Full of the wine
Brewed by Aurora
With fingers divine!

Harold E. Buttrick.

The college verse generally for this month is especially good, that of "The Bates Student" noticeably so. We would take from this magazine "The Rose Quartz," by W. G. B., if space permitted.

We quote the following from "The University Beacon:—

Violets! From crowded streets,
Their tender perfume wafts my thought
Back to the sweet spring lanes and woods
Where violets are given, not bought.

Violets! Ah, how my heart
Holds in its closest corner yet,
The memory of a golden day,
That wakes at the breath of a violet.

B., '95.

And this from "The University Cynic": —

Sweetheart,
With this new day,
We who have been apart
Will meet once more, and put away
The bitter strife that bound us yesterday,
Beginning all anew the old sweet way,
Yet bearing deeply in our heart
The memory of this smart,
No more to stray
Nor part,
Sweetheart.

Q. E. D.

The "Harvard Advocate" is interesting as usual. The sketches of the number are very good, particularly "Pot-Boiling," by Henry Copley Greene, and "The Harvard Swing" by K. G. S. We take the following from the magazine: —

"JINGLES."

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

Rhododendron Rhodora
Had lovers two,
Honey-bee gay
And Butterfly true.
Flirt she was,
It was sure amiss
To allow Honey-bee
That morning kiss.

For the kiss was seen
By Butterfly true;
He flew away
And Honey-bee too.
Rhododendron Rhodora,
Left alone,
Sighed till the snow-flakes
Ended her moan.

THE POET AT THE CLUB.

O that the world were upside down
And all things wrong side up,
Then would we merry little men
Fill each his flowing cup.

And, in the happy mellow wine,
We merry little men
Would turn the poor old twisted world
All right side up again.

Ralph Bergengren.

Book Reviews.

TRINITY SKETCHES. Edited by George William Ellis, '94; Robert Louis Paddock, '94; DeForest Hicks, '95.

This book, in its tasty covering of cloth, comes to us this month. It consists of short sketches of more or less merit taken from the Trinity Tablet, 1887-1894. Some of the most pleasing selections are those which touch upon the college life. The number devoted to the pastel in style makes us inquire whether the tendency to imitate this form is not too great, and something of freshness and origin lost thereby. Yet, as a whole, the book is interesting and enjoyable, and we give it a hearty welcome among the list of college publications.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

KATHERINE LAUDERDALE, by F. Marion Crawford, author of "Saracinesca," "Pietro Ghisleri," etc. 2 vols., 12mo. Cloth, $2.00. Macmillan & Co.

Society Notes.

March 17, Zeta Alpha held its regular meeting in Society Hall, the subject being Florence.

Programme.

I. History of Florence to the Times of the Medici . M. Louise Boswell
II. Early Florentine Art — the Tendencies and Development, Mary Millard
III. Dante — the Man, the Patriot, the Poet . . Alice Welch Kellogg
IV. Song and Story with Petrarch and Boccaccio, Mary Williams Montgomery
V. The Medici — their History to the Time of Lorenzo, Elizabeth Morris Wood

Elizabeth Blakeslee, Charlotte Sibley, Alice G. Arnold, '91; Grace Grenell, '93; Cora Stewart and Flora Luther were present.

The Shakespeare Society held its regular programme meeting in Shakespeare Hall, in the Art Building, on Saturday evening, March 17. Miss Lurena Webster, '90, was present at the meeting.

Programme.

Macbeth.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Dorothy Allen
II. Shakespeare's Use of the Supernatural . . Mabel Wellman
III. Dramatic Representation.

Macbeth. Act I., Scenes 1, 3.

IV. Lady Macbeth. A Study in Character . . Grace Miller
V. Dramatic Representation.

Macbeth. Act V., Scene 1.

VI. Talk. Macbeth as Typical of the Third Period, Helen Russel Stahr
VII. Discussion: Do the Witches Actually Influence Macbeth?

Leaders { Millicent Pierce / Jean Evans }

The regular meeting of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was adjourned to March 14. It was the first meeting in the study of Representative Modern Dramatists, and Browning was considered as the representative dramatist of England in this country. The following programme was given:—

I. Browning's Dramatic Method . . . Gertrude Cushing
II. Browning's Use of History in "Strafford" . . Lilian Brandt
III. Song . . . . . Helen Foss
IV. The Tragic Element in "Pippa Passes" . . Mary Pitkin
V. Music . . . . . Marion Mitchell
VI. Browning's Use of Humor in a "Soul's Tragedy" . Edith Judson

The Agora held an open meeting in the gymnasium Saturday evening, March 17. Besides invited guests from the college, there were present delegates from the Wendell Phillips Club of Harvard, also Colonel Albert Clarke, secretary of the Home Market Club. The following programme was given:—

I. Impromptu Speeches.
   - The Bland Bill . . . . Helen Bisbee, '95
   - Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Ministry . Sarah Weed, '95
   - The Brazilian Revolution . . . Sarah Bixby, '94

II. The Senate.
   - Petitions, memorials and reports.
   - Discussion of the Wilson Bill:
     - Democratic — Cecilia Dickey, '95; Mary Whiton Calkins, Clara Benson, '95; Bertha Jackson, '94.
     - Republican — Stella Osgood, '94, Julia Burgess, '94, Annie Peaks, '96, Abigail Laughlin, '94.

At the meeting of the Classical Society, held April 7, the following programme was given:—

Period of the Renaissance.

I. Character of Times and Causes for Movement . Jeanette Moulton
II. Michal L'Angelo and His Work . . . Ida Brooks
III. Renaissance Castles . . . . . Lilian Quinby
IV. Classic Influence in Modern Europe as Seen in Italy and in France . . . . . Blanche Thayer
V. Ancient Art as Influencing Modern American Architecture, Annie Chute

On Saturday evening, March 17, the Art Society held its first meeting in its new home in the Art Building. The occasion partook somewhat of the nature of a house-warming, as none of the members except the furnishing committee had been permitted a preliminary peep at the room. The early part of the evening was spent in examining the fresh appointments and in mutual congratulation, followed by the presentation of the prepared programme. Afterward, tea was served, and the remaining time given to social enjoyment. The programme was as follows:—

Outline of French History from 1848 . . . Alice Norcross
Corot . . . . . Effie MacMillan
Daubigny . . . . . Jane Williams
French Dramatists — Dumas fils, Victorien Sardou and Emile Augiet . . . . . Harriet A. Friday

The members of the Art Society announce a change in the name of the society. The present name is not distinctive enough, and therefore it has been decided to adopt the name Tav Zeta Epsilon. The aims of the society remain the same.

College Notes.

Dr. Washington Gladden addressed the members of the college Thursday evening, March 8, his subject being "True Socialism."

A lecture by Mrs. Candace Wheeler was announced for Monday evening, March 12, but was postponed on account of the illness of Mrs. Wheeler.

The students at the Lovewell Cottage in the village gave a reception and musicale Saturday, March 10.

On Saturday evening, March 10, Professor Palmer of Harvard lectured in the chapel, on the "Sonnets of Shakespeare." After the lecture a reception was held in the faculty parlor.

On Sunday afternoon, March 11, Professor Palmer gave a talk before the literature classes. His subject was "George Herbert."

The regular monthly missionary meeting was held Sunday evening, March 11. Miss Agnes Lord addressed the meeting.

On the evening of February 22, the inmates of the Simpson Cottage gave a dramatic representation of the Ruggleses, from the "Bird's Christmas Carol."

The Zeta Alpha Society gave a reception, March 17, to the members of the other college societies.

Professor Brown of Emerson School of Oratory gave a reading before the elocution classes recently.

Professor Sedgwick of the Institute of Technology lectured to the sophomore physiology classes March 14, on the subject of "Bacteria."

Several amendments to the constitution of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE were adopted, recently, at a mass meeting of the students.

Miss Whiting gave a reception to the students in her department Saturday evening, March 10.

Rev. C. A. Dickinson of Berkeley Temple, Boston, preached in the chapel Sunday, March 18.

The Glee and Banjo clubs will give their concert Monday evening, April 16.

Miss Denio gave a small reception Monday evening, March 12, for the students living at Simpson.

At the request of Colonel Clark, secretary of the Home Market Club, the principle arguments given in the senate held by the Agora on Saturday evening of March 17, were published in the Home Market Bulletin. The college will be proud to know that one of its members, Miss Gail Laughlin, has been offered fifty dollars for her speech on the tariff, to be printed in pamphlet form and used as an educational document on the tariff question.

A meeting of the Christian Association was held Sunday evening, March 18. Reports were given by the delegates from the college who attended the recent convention of student volunteers in Detroit.

The class of '96 have given us another opportunity to praise their good sense. They instituted a new order of procedure at the time of the freshman elections, and no attempt at hazing was made. Instead, the newly elected president and vice-president of '97 were invited to meet the president of '96 at an informal tea.

The freshman class chose the following officers at their recent elections: President, Elizabeth Evans; vice-president, Denison Wilt; recording secretary, Helen M. Gordon; corresponding secretary, Caroline Davis; treasurer, Amelia Hickenlooper; historians, Bertha Trebein, Florence Painter; factotums, Blanche Currier, Florence Bennett; executive committee, Edith Howland, Geneva Crumb, Minnie Miller.

The freshman class are preparing for athletics in the spring. Two class crews and two basket-ball teams have been appointed and will begin their work outdoors very soon.

On Saturday afternoon, March 17, Fraülein Müller and Fraülein Beinhorn gave a song recital in the chapel for the German classes. Many of the German folk songs with which the students had become familiar in their study were sung.

Prof. William R. Thayer of Harvard lectured in the chapel Tuesday, April 3, his subject being Louis Kossuth.

It is proposed to publish the college calendar hereafter in the fall term, instead of the spring term as heretofore. No calendar will be published this term, but a circular containing the entrance requirements for 1895, and other information which may be needful before the issue of the next annual calendar, has been prepared.

One of the finest concerts of the year was given in the chapel Monday evening, March 19. The concert was a song recital by Mr. Max Heinrich.

Miss Mary Young, '93, Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91, Miss Marion Wilcox, '93, Miss Helen Eager, '93, Miss Lurena Webster, '91, and Miss Maria Kneen, '93, have visited the college recently.

College closed Wednesday, March 21, for the short Easter vacation. Very few of the students remained at the college during the vacation. The new term began Tuesday morning, April 3. Nearly every student was in her appointed place in chapel on that morning.

Alumnae Notes.

On Washington's Birthday, Miss Katherine Horton, '89, entertained a party of Wellesley friends at her home in Windsor Locks. The alumnæ who enjoyed Miss Horton's hospitality were Mrs. May Ely Mitchelson, '88, Miss Carrie Emerson, '88, Miss Florence Fisherdick, '89, Miss Helen MacGregor Clarke,' 90, Miss Louise Danielson, '91, and Miss Caroline S. Eveleth, '93. There were present, besides, Miss Clara D. Capron and Miss Minnie Webster, members for a time of the classes of '87 and '92 respectively. After full justice had been done to a dainty lunch and some time had been spent in a social manner, a business meeting was held. It was decided to form a club, to be known as the Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club. Miss Horton was elected secretary and a committee consisting of Misses Emerson, Capron and Horton was appointed to make arrangements for the next meeting of the club, which will be held in Hartford, Saturday, June 2. All Wellesley students, past and present, who live within a convenient distance, are cordially urged to be present at this meeting. Any one desiring to secure further information or to identify herself with the club now forming, may do so by communicating with Miss Katherine Horton, Windsor Locks, Connecticut.

Miss Carrie E. Small, '75-'76, has been chosen principal of the Woodward institute for girls to be founded at Quincy, Mass , and endowed by the bequest of $300,000 from the late Dr. Woodward. She is now principal of the high school in Plymouth, Mass., and president of the Plymouth County Teachers' Association.

Mrs. G. F. McKibben, '75-'77, is not teaching, as announced in the March number of the MAGAZINE. Mrs. McKibben has four children and lives in Granville, Ohio.

The address of Anna Phillips Lee, '86, is Mrs. Edwin Lee, Hotel San Carlos, 69 South Oxford street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harriet L. Merrow, '86, is graduate assistant in botany at the University of Michigan. Her address is 46 East Ann street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Isabelle Darlington, '86, has been in Kansas City during the winter, in charge of the business of her father located there.

Miss Reed and Miss Williams, '93, were the guests of Miss Margaret Doolittle in the holidays. They have returned to Granville Female College, where they are teaching.

Miss Emily Foley, '93, is studying vocal music. Her address is Mt. Auburn Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Marion Lutz, formerly of Wellesley, '93, has been visiting in St. Louis.

Miss Maude Nias has returned in good health from an extended trip through the West to her Wellesley home, Stone Hall.

Miss Sarah J. Storms, '83-'85, is studying at Harvard Annex.

The engagement of Miss Harriet L. Hitchcock, '87-'89, to Mr. Irving S. Tinker has been announced. Miss Hitchcock's address is Plainville, Conn.

Mrs. Stevens, Sp., '88-'89, who has spent the last four years abroad, is now teaching German in the Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Dr. Mary B. Damon, '86, is the resident physician at Smith College, and head of the department of physiology and hygiene. She has also a large private practice in the town. She spent the opening days of the term at college.

Miss Charlotte T. Sibley, '91, is the C. E. editor of "The Word and the Work," published in Belfast, Me. Miss Sibley has also given a number of lectures and addresses during the year. Among her lectures is an illustrated one on "Castles of England and Scotland," and another in "The Great Parliament." Miss Sibley is also working for her M. A. in Greek.

Miss Ada M. Woolfolk, '91, is now at Denison House, 93 Tyler street, Boston.

Miss Eleanor Green, '92, is visiting in New York and New Jersey.

Mrs. M. E. B. Roberts Smith has been appointed associate professor of economics at the Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.

Miss Maude R. Keller, '92, is spending part of the month of April in Chicago. Her address while there is 5425 Washington avenue. From Chicago she expects to go to Saltillo, Mexico. Her Mexican address will be Apartado, 91, Saltillo, Mexico, care Miss Edna Johnson.

Miss Josephine Emerson, '92, has been teaching in Assinnippi, Mass., as substitute for Miss Theodora Hastings, a former Wellesley student, who had been ill all the term. Miss Hastings hopes to resume her work soon.

Miss Elinor E. Ruddle, '93, spent Easter with Miss Florence Hoopes, '93, in Philadelphia. Miss Ruddle with Miss Hoopes then visited their classmate, Miss Delarue K. Howe, in Roselle, N. J.

Miss Charlotte Irish, '93, has been traveling in California since February.

Miss Emma McAlarney, '92, and Miss Roberta Allen, '93, have been visiting Miss Sue Lum.

Miss Florence Tone, '93, is teaching at her home, Bergen, N. Y.

Miss Caroline Frear, '93, is taking economics at the University of California in Berkeley, near her home.

Miss Carol Hough, Special, '91–'93, is studying vocal music in New York.

College Bulletin.

April 14. Lecture. Col. T. W. Higginson.
April 15. Dr. M. E. Woods preaches in the chapel.
April 16. Glee Club Concert.
April 21. Lecture. Mrs. Robertson.
April 22. Rev. E. T. Tomlinson preaches.
April 23. Lecture by Mr. Hamilton Mabie.
April 29. Prof. H. A. Frink preaches in the chapel.
April 30. Concert.

In Memoriam.

A few weeks ago a beloved classmate, Mary Houghton, passed from our midst to go to a brighter home. It is difficult to realize even now that she is not with us. She came back from the holidays tired out, but determined to do her best in all that she undertook. She acknowledged she was not so well as usual, but brightly told us she was getting better. When compelled by weariness to stop her studying, she still insisted each day that she felt better than on the day before. But her languor increased, and the doctor said she must go home for a while to get rest and quiet. She finally went away, and we heard nothing from her for some time. Then came the news of a serious illness, but also of almost certain recovery. Finally, on Monday morning, February 26th, a letter was receivep saying she had died.

We could not realize that Mary was no longer living. We had known her so short a time, had not had time to appreciate her full worth; surely she must come back. The friends of her former Western home had not seen her since she was a child. Her old classmates in the Newton High School knew nothing of her illness, until news was brought them that she was dead.

But she is very happy now. She was almost too kind and patient to be with us long. Those of us who knew her best can never forget her sweet, helpful ways. Whenever we were in trouble, we were always sure of kindly, good advice from her. One of her earliest characteristics was that of taking the part of the most unpopular, and pointing out her best qualities. At home, in the classroom, everywhere, she lived the best and noblest life she knew. No duty was so disagreeable as to be shirked. Her sweet and modest ways gave no knowledge she was near. Her presence was as the first breath of spring: when it comes we are happy, we know not why; there is new fragrance in the air. Her spirit still lingers with us. May it help us live better, purer lives, to be more like what she would have us be.

H. D.

Marriages.

WHITLOCK—DRAKE. On Jan. 3, 1894, Miss Lillian M. Drake, '86-'87, to Mr. Elliott H. Whitlock. Mrs. Whitlock's address is South Orange, New Jersey.

MCCULLOUGH—WILLIS. At Newark, N. J., Feb. 21, 1894, Miss Annie Isabel Willis, to Mr. William Alfred McCullough.

Births.

December 7, 1893, a daughter, Margaret Ruth Davidson, to Mrs. Anna Broadwell Davidson, '86. 1525 Adams Ave., Scranton, Pa.

December 10, 1893, a daughter, Margaret, to Mrs. Emma Mead Wright, '80, Watertown, Mass.

February 18, 1894, a daughter, Celia, to Mrs. Minnie Prentice Goodwin, '89, Pittsfield, Mass.

Deaths.

In Wellesley Hills, Mass., Mar. 16, Mrs. Abby Hastings Fiske, mother of Ellen Ware Fiske, '92, and Isabella Howe Fiske, '96.

April 7, 1894, at Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Christine A. Groff, mother of Sarah H. Groff, '89.

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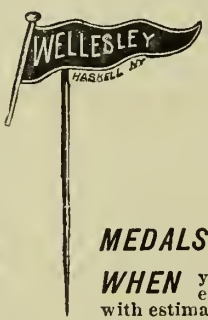

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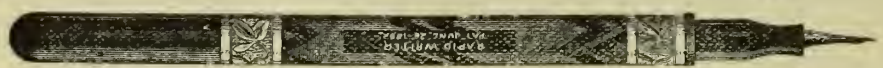

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